MARVEL
TRAPPED IN A BATTLEWORLD HE NEVER MADE!
001
YOUNG
MAHFOOD
STEWART
HOWARD
the HUMAN™
SECRET WARS

SECRET WARS

THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED!
THE HEROES OF EARTH-616 AND EARTH-1610 WERE POWERLESS
TO SAVE IT! NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS...IS **BATTLEWORLD:** A MASSIVE, PATCHWORK PLANET
COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF WORLDS THAT NO LONGER EXIST, MAINTAINED BY THE IRON WILL
OF ITS GOD AND MASTER, VICTOR VON DOOM! EACH REGION IS A DOMAIN UNTO ITSELF!

HOWARD the HUMAN

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There's a lot of things I hate about this city.
The smell. The filth. The noise.
CONNORS' PUB
And the @#%& whisky. But none of that bothers me more than *eggs*.
Meaning you can't get 'em. Bacon neither.
All I want is to wake up one morning with two sunny-side-ups and a plate of crispy bacon.
But it's all outlawed here so that ain't going to happen any time soon. Not as long as I live in *this* city...
SLAM!

New Quack City.
...full of animals.
Another one, Curt. And don't be so stingy this time.
EXIT
CONNERS
THIS SIDE UP

I'll quit being stingy with the liquor when you quit being stingy with your tab. It's three months past due now, Howard.
When did you learn how to count?
Oh, I count real good. You want to hear me count some more?
As long as you keep pouring, knock yourself out.
One, two, three, four...
...and five.
Five what?

Five big chrome reasons you're gonna pay me what you owe.
You hear that, Connors? Everyone seems to be interested in me and money they seem to think I have.
Oh, you better have it, or you're about to have a very long, bad day!
SLAM!
Oh, my day is already as bad as a day can get, Toomes.

"Got a call. Early. Too early.
7:34a.m.
Hello, gentlemen.
NOT CROSS POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS POLICE LINE DO NOT CRO
"A couple K-9's that give me a heads-up on cases here and there."
Hey, it's Howard.
You bring 'em?
First brew of the day.
That's great, but what about the...
"Of course, nothing comes free.
BOOM!!
Bones? How could I forget.
BONE THUGS & YUMMY
Down a bit on your right. Don't touch anything or Stacy will have our tails!
Look, no touch. Got it.

"I had been hired to find someone. That someone was now laying dead in an alley.
"That meant--"
"Hold up!"
POLICE LINE
POLICE
I don't want to hear your Raymond-Chandler-novel of the day, Howie.
I just want to hear about your money and how it's going to be my money.
BONK!
You got no love for storytelling! Fine, your loss.
I'll give you more steak and less peas.

9:12a.m.
"See, the whole my money/your money equation started in that alley.
"Finding that possum was going to pay pretty well.
"But here's the thing.
"The Cat Lady...
"...she ain't about playing. She's about business, and mostly not letting others @#$% with it."
Lovely to see you, Howard. I take it you found my rat?
Actually, he's a possum.
To-may-toe, to-mah-toe. He's a snitch and must be dealt with.
Well, interesting you say that, Felicia. He has been dealt with.
He's kind of, you know... dead.

11:19a.m.
I didn't ask you to kill him, you hairless ape!
I didn't kill him! Besides, I thought you'd be happy *the rat* is gone, yeah? No more trouble for you.
You know why I live in a penthouse and you live in what I guess is an '85 Catlass?
Because you think when I'm being investigated, killing a snitch would *help* me.
He can't snitch now!
I was going to *pay* him to leave this city, not kill him. *Dead possums* put more targets on me.
I don't like targets on me, Howard.
It'll take the hounds down at Central at least twelve hours to sniff their way to me.
You've got that much time to find out who did this so I'm clear when they come barking at my door.
You do this, you get your money. Don't, and you'll find out that my no-killing policy doesn't extend to you.
Noted.

SKRYAH! SCRATCH!
Damn, homie, whachoo do next?
Yeah, you sittin' here telling us a tale, so you must've found 'em.
Where--
SMASH!
Yo! Shut your beaks!
Let Howard here tell his story! It was just getting *good.*
Where was I? Oh, yeah...

3:48p.m.
"I headed down to Hen's Kitchen to meet with an *old friend.*
"A lawyer. He can't see, but his ear is to the streets and he hears *everything.* If anyone was going to help me, it would've been Mouse Murdock."
Let me guess, you're wondering who killed the informant you were hired to find?
Yeah. Those big ears of yours caught any chatter in the kitchen?
You know I'm open to helping you when you're on the right side of the line, but you're on a job for Felicia.
I'm a lawyer, Howard. I can't get caught with the blood of a dead witness on my sleeves. I need to work in this town.
I get it, but I had to try. I'm running out of leads here.
It was good seeing you again.
Let me walk you out.

You really didn't need to walk me to my car, Murdock. This isn't a date.
I needed a little fresh air.
And you never know who's listening inside.
I can't help you with what you're asking because you're asking the wrong question.
If "Who killed the possum?" is the wrong question, then the right one is...
Did the possum play possum?
Well, bad pun aside, yes.
And who do you think would benefit the most from The Cat Lady doing a bid upstate?
Fisk!
Exactly.
No, I mean...

4:33p.m.
...it's Wilson Fisk!
Yes, and I'm afraid I can't allow you to share your little discovery. I have too much to gain if Felicia goes down.
Stay back, Fisk, or you're going to have a long, bad day.
You little devil, you. Who knew the blind lawyer from Hen's Kitchen had so much spunk in him?
Step off before I mess up that pretty white suit.
!
Ha ha ha! The mouse and the human.
How does that fable go?

The human asked the mouse for help and the mouse replied, "Of course."
But then, the mouse and the human...
...were killed by *ninjas!*
GET 'EM!

"Wait a @#$& minute. A *blind mouse* and *ninja monkeys*?"

"Yes! Every story is better with a *blind mouse* and *ninja monkeys*."

I don't belie--

BONK!

We finally got to some action, don't blow this!

If you want to take off, I can take it from here.

Sure, I'll leave the helpless *blind* mouse to fight off the ninja horde alone. Sounds like a--

PUNT!

OOOF!

Who are you calling helpless?

SLAM!

WHACK!

FWIKE!

SALSA!!

POW!!

DOLT!

CLANG!

CHE!

BOOT!

POW!

9:16p.m.
Wake up, sleeping beauty.
TAP!
TAP!
Ugh. Did we beat 'em?
Yes. We beat them. Fisk took off in the middle of it.
Let's go after him!
I'll take care of Fisk. You take this and do the right thing with it.
You've got to be kidding me.
WEE-OOO
WEE-OOO
WEE-OOO
WEE-OOO
You know the place?
Yeah, well.
Then I suggest you get moving. Not sure you have enough baggies of bones to hold off what's about to go down.

Damn! They're here already.
Thanks for the help, Murdock.
Anytime. Good luck, pal.
"I was running out of time on The Cat Lady's deadline of twelve hours.
"A full-blown car chase wasn't helping my situation, but what are you gonna do?
"I finally lost them...

11:19p.m.
...and made my way back here.
What about the possum? You ever find him?
And how you'd lose the cops? Losing cops in a car chase only happens in the movies!
And what about that deadline? If my math's right, it's up. Why are you hanging out in a bar like ain't nothing gonna happen to you?
You're right. Time's up.
Well, Well, well.
Looks like I'm not the only one here to collect on what's owed.
Hello, Toomes.
We came here for money. From the tale this one just told, you have it and we'd like it.
Well, I don't see the package Howard was supposed to deliver so I'm thinking that money is going to remain mine.
And we'll just kill you all.
You have thirty seconds to get the @#$& out of my bar or I'm calling the cops!

You don't have to bother, Connors. See, I was just in a high-speed pursuit in the car I have parked out front of this very establishment.
I'd say we can expect them right about...
EXIT
...now.
Freeze!
SLAM!
Everyone put their guns down and get on the floor!
PLOP
I'll give you all the money in the world for that egg!
You're lucky we don't take you in with these scumbags. I suggest you get out of here before I change my mind.
Fair enough.
Hey, Pete, you almost done back there?

YUM!
Yup, sorry. I just needed to freshen up a bit. It's a been a very long...
...bad day.
Whoa, that's him, right? The possum?
Yeah, that's a possum, dummy.
Predictable twist.
You had him the whole time? I told you I wasn't going to hurt him. You could've walked away with a lot of money.
Yeah, but I knew Toomes would be by to take that off my hands right quick.
And it turns out the D.A. had a reward for finding Pete here. So I just needed to orchestrate this party and I could turn him over for the reward and allow him to testify against you.
There's just one thing I didn't foresee happening and it's more important to me than doing the right thing, or even the money.
Just go along with me, Pete. I need this.
I'm leaving here with the egg or Pete won't be playing possum ever again!
THE END

BLACK MANTA
EMPIRE
FINCH